II.

I in Eden's bloomy bowers
Was the heav'nly gardner's pride,
Sweet of ſweets, and flow'r of flowers,
With the ſcented tinctures dy'd.

III.

Hear, ye little children, hear me,
I am God's delightful voice;
They who ſweetly ſtill revere me,
Still ſhall make the wiſeſt choice.

IV.

Hear me not like Adam trembling,
When I walk'd in Eden's grove;
And the hoſt of heav'n aſſembling,
From the ſpot the traitor drove.

V.

Hear me rather as the lover
Of mankind, reſtor'd and free;
By the word ye ſhall recover
More than that ye loſt by Me.

I'm

VI.

I'm the Phœnix of the fi
That in upper Eden d
Hearing me Euphrates li
As my wondrous tale

VII.

'Tis the ſtory of the Gra
Mercies without end o
And the ſketches and the
Of ten thouſand more

VIII.

Liſt, my children, liſt wit
Dread not ye the temp
Chriſt our gratitude ſhall
Wean'd from earth, an

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